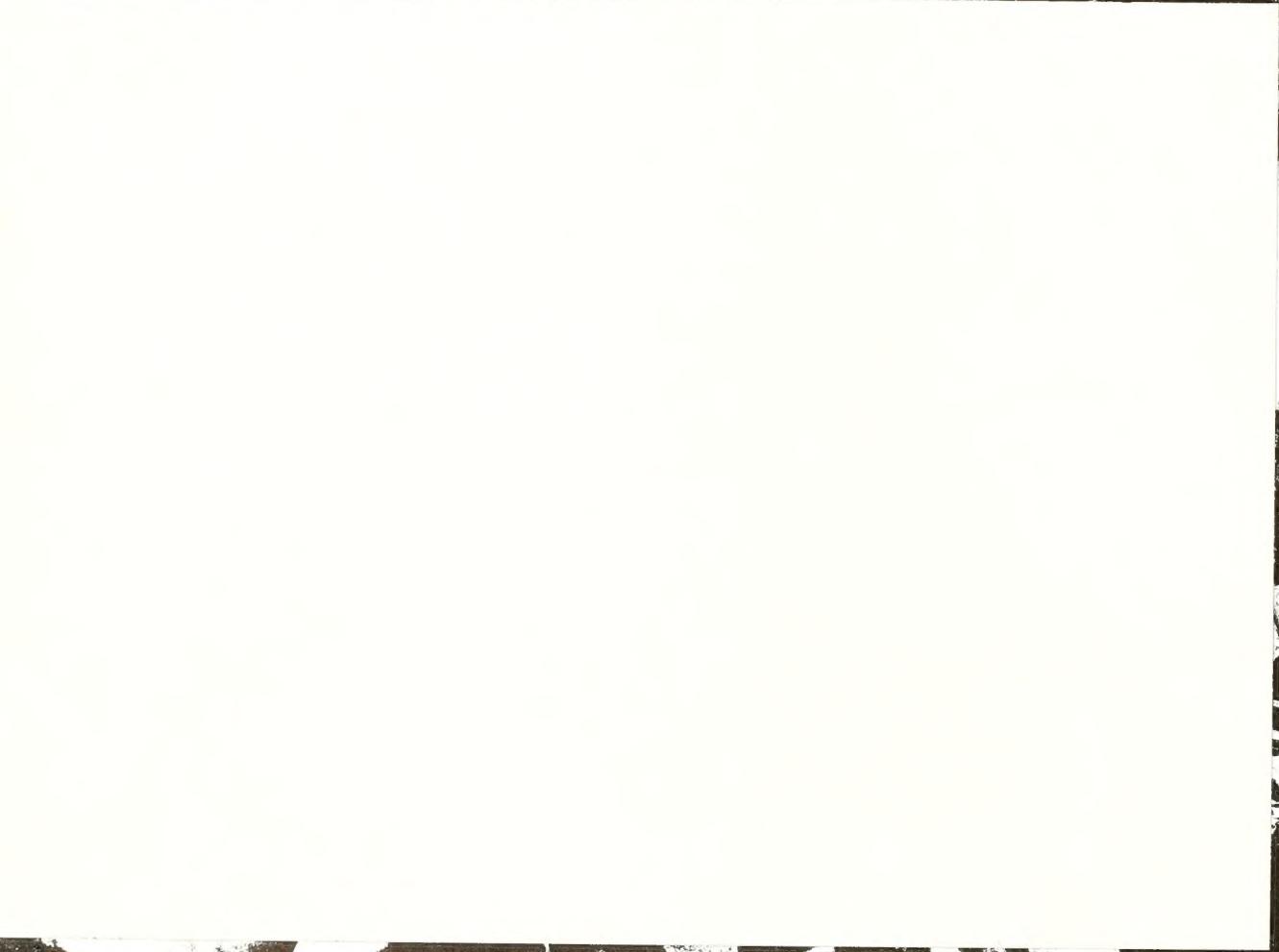
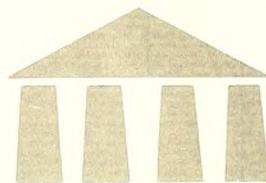


days
1966





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days
1966





I am a street walker;
Searching for nothing.
I am an American,
with no lust for war
but violent as hell.
I am a cigar smoker,
a cigarette flicker,
eternal as heaven.
I walk at night

without any hunger.
I don't know.
I can't even think.
I have too many miles
and I have walked too far.
I hear great sounds
and I can pound my drum.
and I can walk.
and I can get drunk.

Who wants a street walker,
a peace-time philosopher,
a big cigar smoker,
an always-want-to-changer;
walking forever
and never going anywhere,
but always going everywhere.
I don't talk to anyone I see.
I don't stop anywhere I go.

FOLIO
378.748
P53
1966



































A SMEAR IS
NOT PASSION

Order is not
cleanliness



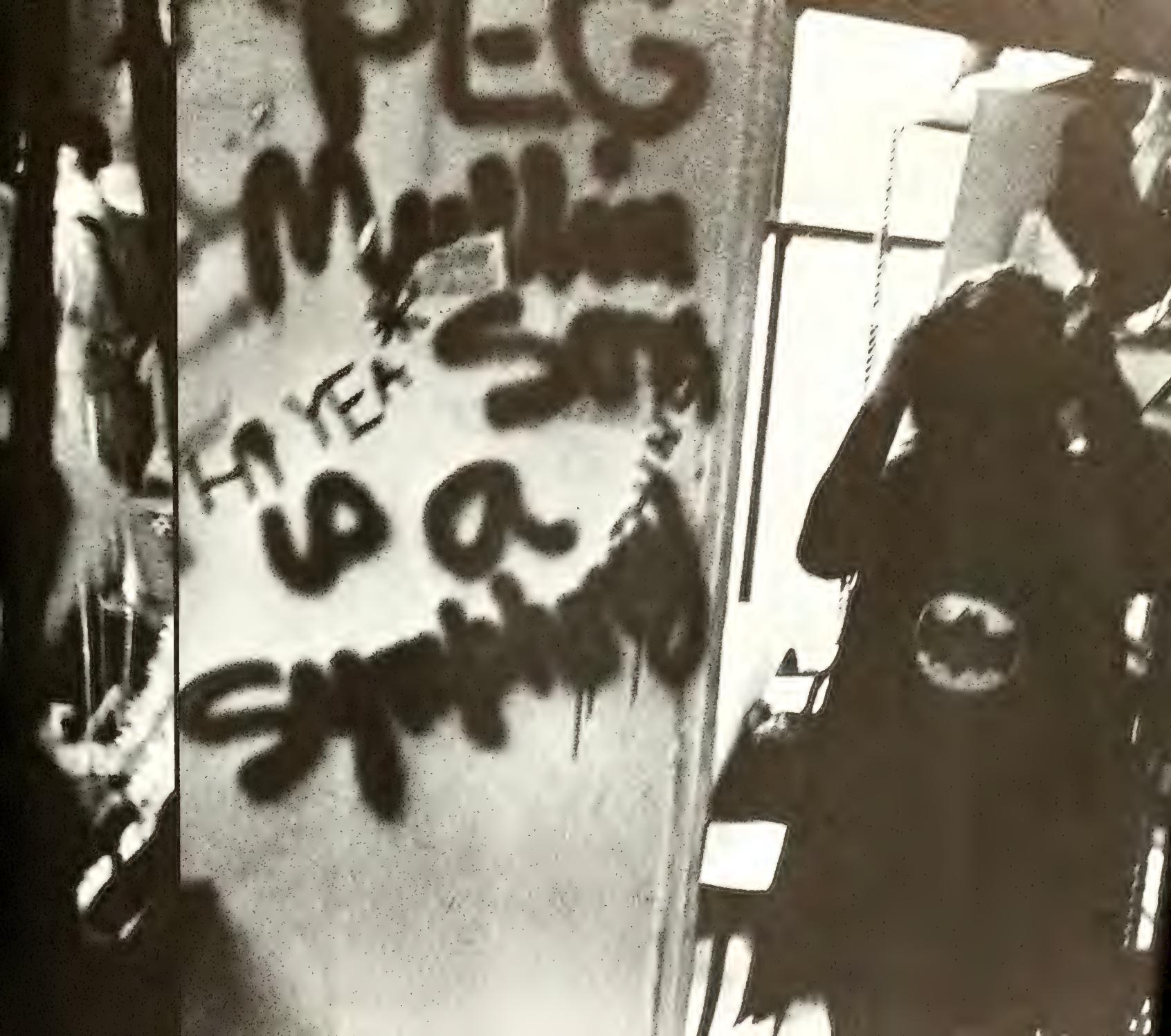














My bed is empty, I sleep there alone
and it is a sad place where I lay my head.
Thoughts run mad, one nervous grey cat.
white sheets - a clock that glows
they all say good night but none of them leave me alone
and I can't forget them because it is a sad place
where I lay my head.















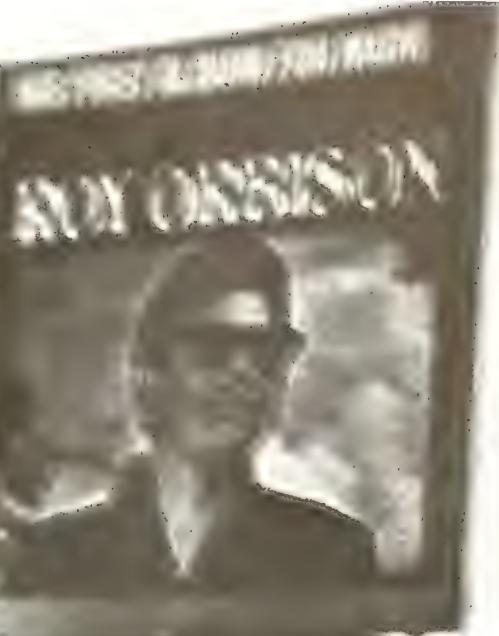






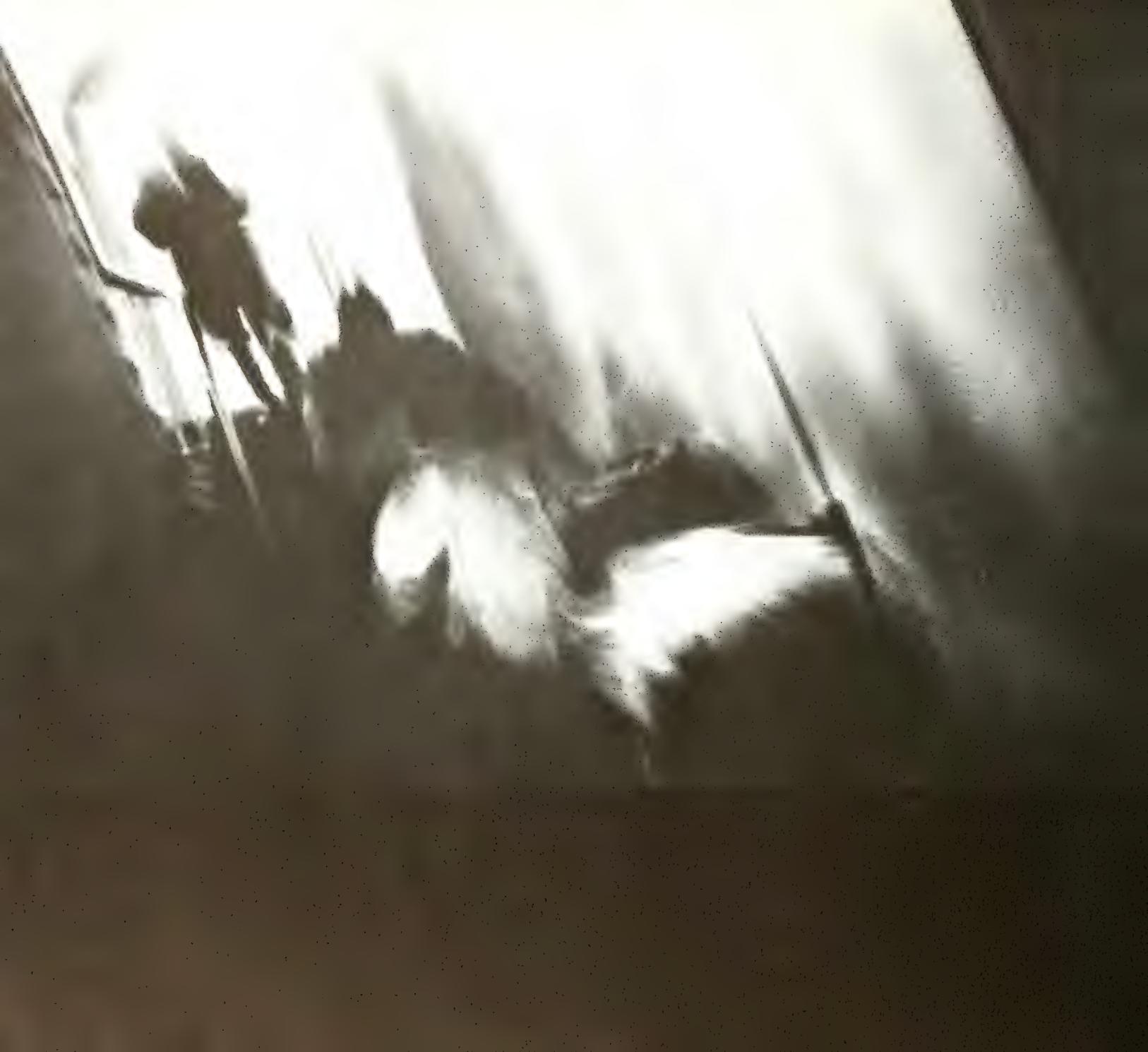
























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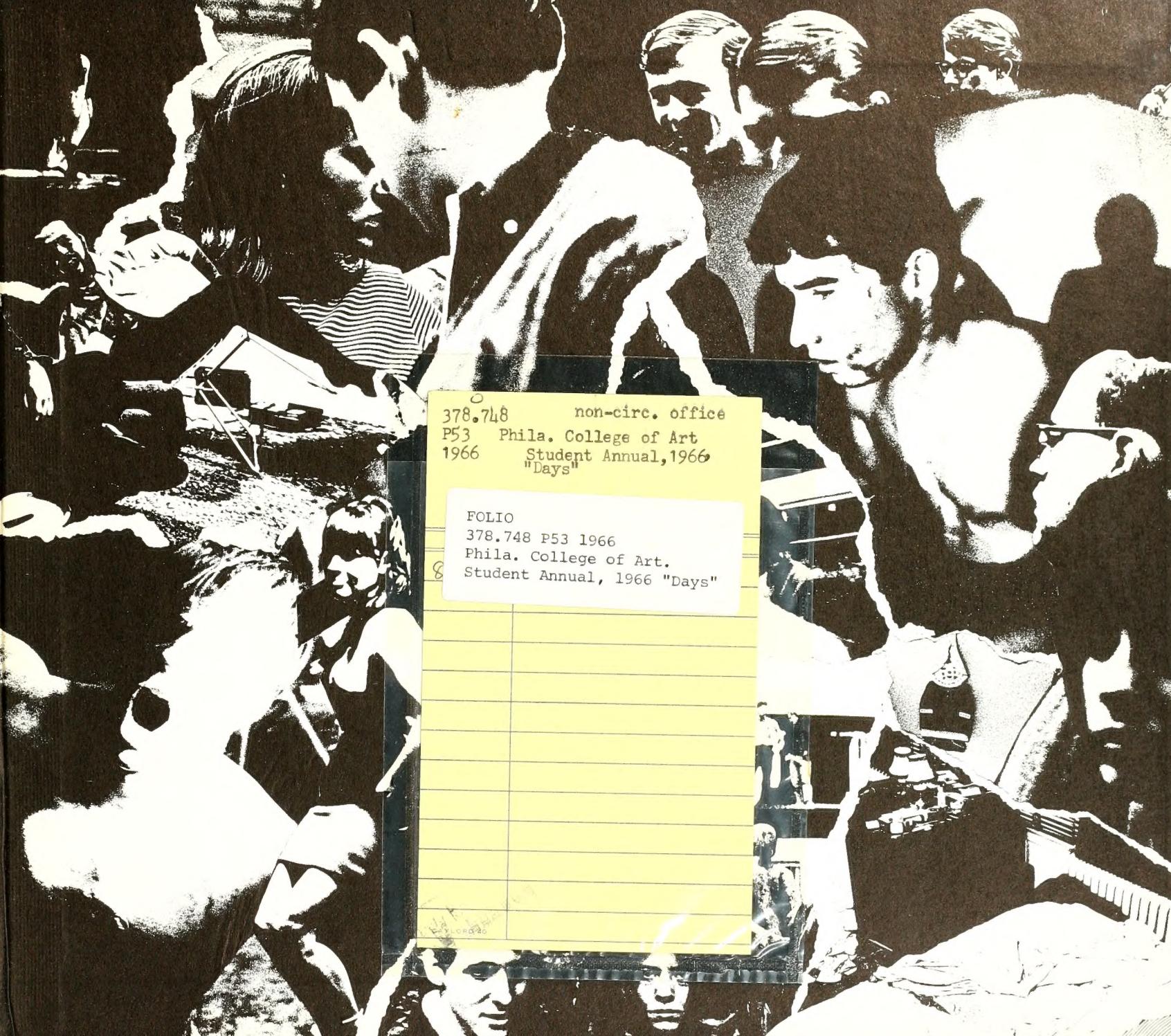




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days
1966





378.748 non-circ. office
P53 Phila. College of Art
1966 Student Annual, 1966
"Days"

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